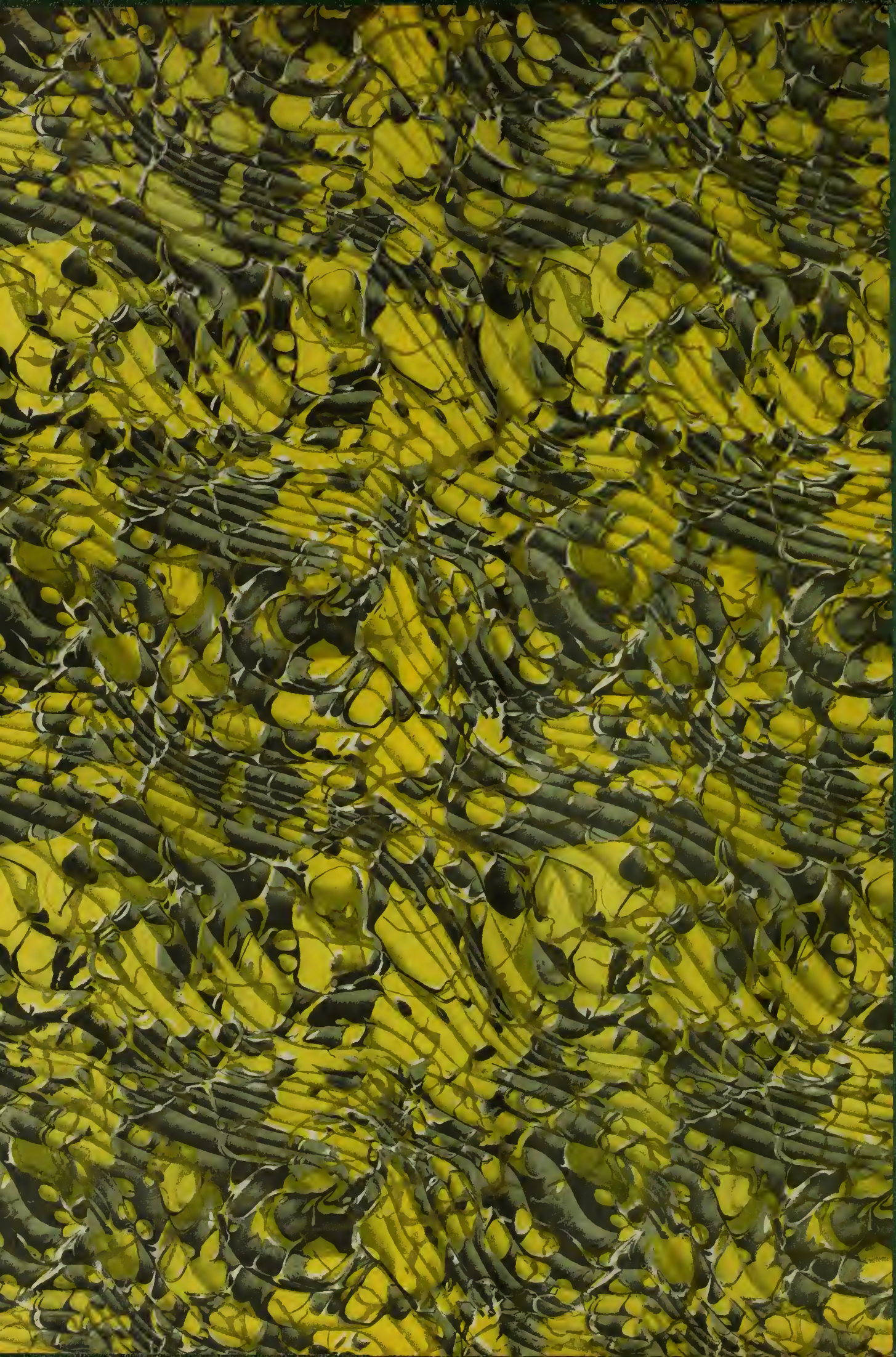


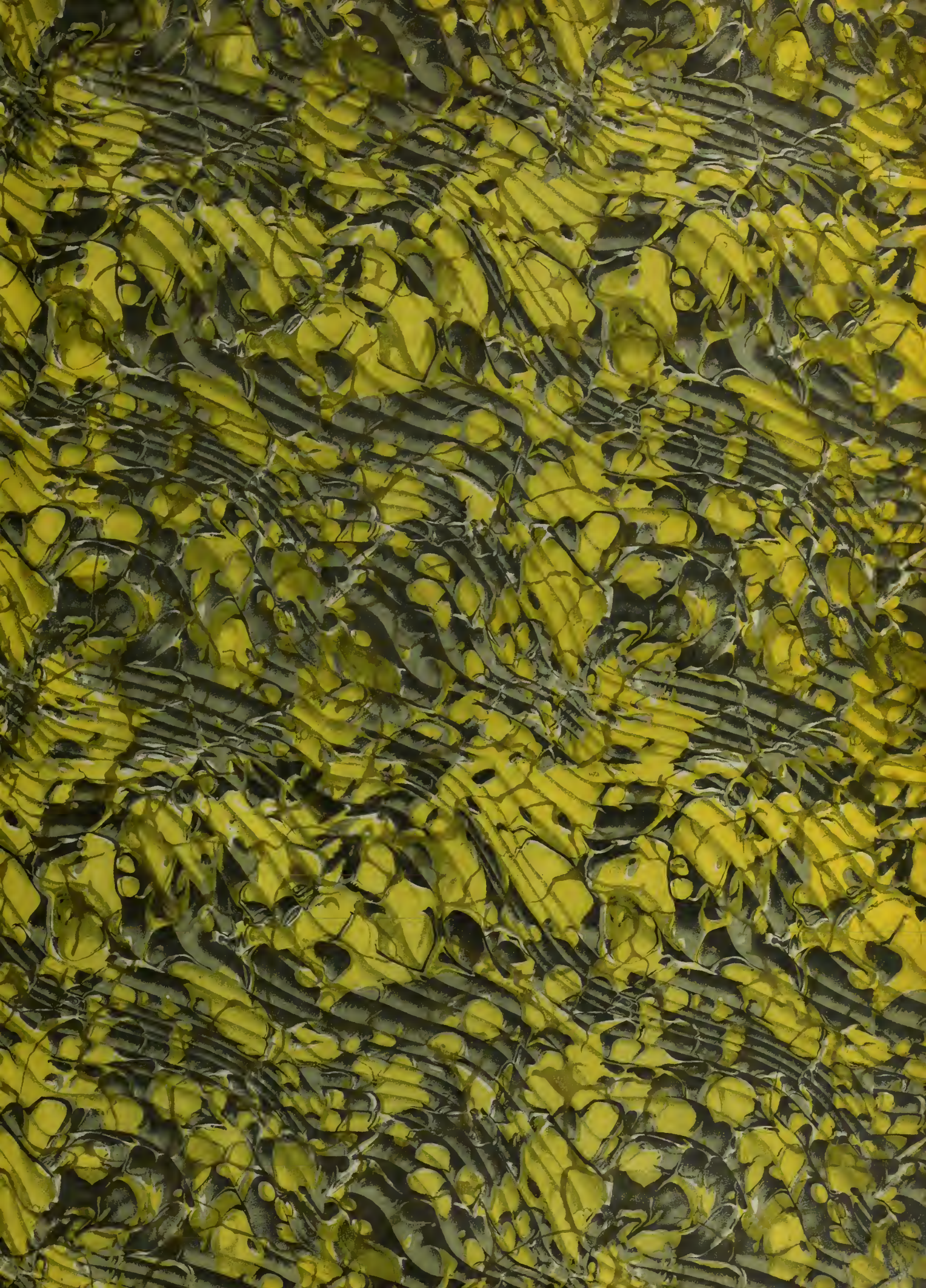
# GREENBOOK

1956



















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## FOREWARD

This book is established as a monument to freshmen composition and to the freshman himself.

Herein are contained thoughts profound, ideas individualistic, anecdotes humorous, that arouse various emotions in the reader. The reader will feel hope, pleasure, joy, and will sometimes be drawn into deep thought.

We, of the GREENBOOK staff, hope we have succeeded in capturing at least some of the reactions of our classmates to the stimulating and often exciting new life we have experienced in this, our first year on the E.N.C. campus.





## EDITORIAL

With steps quickened by the thrill of a new experience, yet hesitant because of the fear of an unknown experience we, the freshmen of 1956, first walked through the gate opening to E.N.C. We had come a long way - from our carefree childhood into our changing teens - to this gate; through prayer, faith, friends, and impulses we had come.

This gate marked the beginning of a transition in our lives: a transition that was to give us all a new and different outlook on life. We each had many ideas. Some of our ideas were to be changed, others confirmed, others destroyed. But during this first period of transition or change, we all were to acquire new ideas which were to leave some of us firmly entrenched in our beliefs, others undecided, and a few puzzled. But after this first period, was only a time period of transition or change, we all were to learn how to discern what the true values are; how to discover truth for ourselves.

Since we first passed through the gate to E.N.C., we have already passed unaware through other gates, and we will continue to pass through other open gates for the rest of our lives. Our ideas and concepts are going to change again and again, but the basis for the choice of which open gate we shall pass through has already largely been established. It is on this basis that we will choose other open gates throughout the rest of college and life.

During our freshman year we have felt much, learned much, changed much. And we are better persons for having chosen to pass through that first gate to E.N.C.

*Lowell H. Hall, II*





To one who:

has never failed to set us an example of  
consistent Christian living both in his  
daily life and inspiring ministry

has never failed to greet us with his re-  
assuring smile

has never failed to listen understandingly  
to our every problem

has never failed to seek a solution to these  
problems and make easier the path of our  
formative freshman year

We, the Freshman class of 1956, gratefully dedicate  
this, our class GREENBOOK, to

REV. FLOYD O. FLEMING.







CAMPUS







## "MISCELLANEOUS"

The Dugout is a very real part of campus life.

Sometimes, though, it presents its problems.

Each of us has a few categories in which we put the money we spend for food, clothing, shelter, entertainment and, of course, "miscellaneous". The item of miscellaneous catches my attention. Miscellaneous means "consisting of diverse things or members."

The Dugout and all the money spent there is listed under "miscellaneous". Here as supposedly intelligent people we spend our week's pay as if we were drunkards who sometimes work a week to become drunk over the week end. "I don't know where I'll get the money for next semester. I guess I'll have to go home and work to save my money." Let us follow Jim who has just explained his problems to a friend. There he goes, past the Mansion, between the Canterbury and the Manchester and straight for the Dugout. He stops to get his mail. "Oh, boy! Pop just sent me five dollars. Prof Parsons, could you cash a check for five?" And so he has five dollars.

Five dollars probably meant three hours' work for his father. But now his father and mother have learned how to save money. Perhaps they learned while still in college. Maybe not. But the important thing is that somewhere in their lives they learned. Now they want their son to use that money to go to school on, but there goes the boy into the Dugout. "Em, can I have a hamburger and a thick vanilla shake?" Now his order has been placed. About ten minutes later he asks what has happened to his order. They didn't know he had ordered anything. The



girl behind the counter politely explains that the first ones have to be served first. After the explanation she takes his order and he finally gets his food. He then sits down to talk and soon find that this food has not found his hollow tooth yet. He consoles his hunger until soon forty-five minutes and a dollar are gone.

The next morning he missed breakfast, so down he goes to the Dugout for a breakfast of hamburger and pop.

When the end of the week comes, he finds himself "sneaking milk shakes into the 'cultural entertainment' column" in his budget book.

I am not trying to have the Dugout closed, but only pointing out that there is need for much discipline when one walks into this place of magnetic attraction for money, where one speaks and twenty-five cents is gone.

Time is also lost here. If one would keep a record of the time spent here during a week, he would shock himself into unconsciousness for an hour or so. I did, and have become more budget-conscious since.

*William Marshall Taylor*





## PROFESSOR NAYLOR

A farmer's boy who made good. Yet ever marked on his personality is the farm. Who among us will ever forget . . . the stories of the farm which seemed to fit so well into our understanding of a math problem. Or the gentleness of one who learned his patience perhaps tending animals, one who seemed at first glance so kind, so sincere, so honest that complete faith can be put into him to get you through an algebra course somehow with a passing grade.

You have to stop only once in his office for some help to grasp the true spirit of the man, for immediately everything he has been doing is forgotten and at once you take the honored position of being his most important concern. Could a bewildered freshman ask for a truer, more sincere man to bring a problem to?

Yet, the greatness of the man can best be judged by what he manages to do for us in the developing of our tender personalities toward maturity. His basic kindness, the worth he places on every individual, his understanding nature, his brilliant mind developed through lonely hours of stern self-discipline, his sincere, complete faith in a living God — all these go into the making of the great man who walks humbly with his God.

He instills in us the desire to succeed, to follow a problem to the end, to endure frustration till the light breaks thorough. He challenges us to hard work, to intense study and thought — an emphasis which could make a teacher anything but popular. Yet, the manner





in which he does it is so well accepted that soon one finds himself even enjoying the "impossible" subject of mathematics.

Yes, who among his students will ever forget him, a man of great patience, of much understanding, and of strong faith in God? To share a few precious hours during my college years with him I count as one of my greatest privileges.

*John E. Glass*



## PROFES OR DELP

He is a man. He is a scholar. He is witty and wise, and he is a gentleman, too. His name is Delp, just plain Delp. It is not Lincoln, Washington, or even Dewey. If you would write it in Greek, his name would be Delpos', with the accent over the 'e'. That is very important because he is my Greek professor.

Everyone who knows Delp, loves him. He is not short, but not tall either. He is not thin, but not fat either. He is young. That's for certain, at least relatively so.

He will teach anything from the characteristics of the Aorist stem to Descartes' conception of God. He will expound on the definitions of theology and religion, or he will try to confuse his Bible scholars with the logos.

Delp is a man from whom anyone **can** expect a definition or reason. He is not a bushy-haired professor such as you would expect to find in a place of learning, but a young man with a good humor, subtle wit, good taste, and with an answer to any man.

He can confuse the wise and prudent, and yet he is as gentle as a lamb. He is like the scriptures in that he can make you or break you. He will usually make you, but that again depends upon you.

*Richard Murriner*





## EXPERIENCE







## MY EXPERIENCES AS A NURSE'S AIDE

Ever since I can remember I have wanted to be a nurse. Therefore, when the yearly call came for applications for Summer work in Ashtabula General Hospital, I applied.

Five of us started our first class which lasted for two weeks. Then we were ready to start our great adventure into a world which, up to now, had been unknown to us.

I guess the best place to start is where we were first placed -- the horror of all hospitals -- first floor. There are most of the old people and neurotic patients. The first day I was broken in good and proper. I got by the baths and bed pans quite successfully. It was not until I had to clean a ninety-year-old lady's false teeth that I hit my first career barrier. The lady had been eating her dinner, presumably crackers, and when her teeth started slipping down upon her tongue, she decided to get them cleaned. Of course I got the job. It wouldn't have been so bad except that I gave them back to her, she put them in upside down and I had to put them in her mouth for her.

I shall never forget the day when one of my patients was about to pass away. The room was filled with sobbing relatives who could not be consoled. It was my duty to stay with the patient and take her temperature every half hour. The smothering atmosphere created by the oxygen tent along with the patient's moans and the mourning of the loved ones, not to mention having to



stand by and helplessly watch a human being suffer, made a grave impression on me. I thought twice about nursing as a profession when I left that room.

Although there is always much sadness connected with a hospital, occasionally some bit of humor comes up. For example, one day a new patient was admitted who had brought seemingly all of her worldly possessions with her. Of course I went into her room to see what type of person she was. I was very surprised to see a short, heavy-set, elderly woman sitting in the middle of her bed (the bed had side rails) looking at a picture of her dead husband lying in his coffin. Her whole appearance was very amusing. Even though she wore unusually thick glasses, pushed far down on the end of her nose, she held the picture about three inches from her eyes. To top the scene off, on her head was a huge, floppy straw hat, from which dangled a beat-up yellow flower. I could hardly contain myself until I reached the corridor.

A hospital, I have found, is a "melting pot" for all races and religious creeds, for various diseases, accidents, and other illnesses. Here life and death hang in balance. To me there is no other career so rewarding in the way of human interest. The pleasure one gains from making one less fortunate a little happier knows no bounds.

Arlene F. Snyder





## HOUSEMAID'S HORROR

Saturday mornings at about 7:28 o'clock I find myself running toward the dining hall. I begin to whistle, but then I catch myself. I'm not supposed to be whistling on this day. Today I must work at a place which is anything but "home sweet home." It is a madhouse, and I represent the house maid.

After breakfast, I find myself climbing the stairs to the apartment house. A lady's harsh voice exclaims, "Come in!" Then a crash and a bang. Immediately I know "that little brat" is still at home.

I put on my biggest Colgate smile and greet the little monster who comes running to me with open arms. "Hi, Mary Jo," I say while the mother stands there smiling broadly as she admires the cuteness of her sweet little daughter.

Then, losing her smile, the lady of the house tells me what I did wrong the week before, and assigns me my duties for the day. After exclaiming how busy and worn out she is, she retires to her little throne in the living room to survey my every move, and, of course, her little darling's also.

As I begin scrubbing the floor, Mary Jo begins playing "Lone Ranger" and I'm her Silver. After spilling the nail of water about six times by the Lone Ranger's mounting and dismounting, I finish my task. Silver suddenly becomes two-legged and the Lone Ranger is forced to walk. The the Lone Ranger hikes across my nice clean floor and carelessly leaves a conspicuous trail of



footprints which any western villain could follow. Silver is very displeased and would like to "hee-haw", but Mommy is looking.

I go next to Mary Jo's room and begin untangling it. Mary Jo discovers many things she has been looking for all week. The things she places back in the middle of the room so that she will not lose them again. After a few unintentional elbows from the maid, she goes to the kitchen to make pudding and thus do a thorough job on my nice clean floor. The mother is too tired and busy to pull herself out of her easy chair and go bribe her daughter to stop. And furthermore, I might take that opportunity to catch a much needed breath.

Mary Jo quits her baking when she hears the sweeper start up. She just loves to see how close she can stay in front of it without getting hit. She would have disappeared long ago if I thought the bag would contain her. Despite my constant reversing, right turns and left turns, Mary Jo still sticks with me. If I hit her toes, the sweeper becomes an ambulance for a hit and run victim.

So goes my nightmare. My clean windows are followed up with pretty little fingerprints and carbon dioxide from her lily white throat which, in my weaker moments of restraint, I look at longingly. My clean rugs are spotted with the insides of her doll which has a bad-looking incision in the back of its neck. My clean bathtub becomes a shipyard for Mary Jo's oil tankers. Her paper dolls come out to be fitted into a new wardrobe. By this time Mommy thinks her maid has been loafing.





all day.

Mary Jo gets sleepy and that is a sign that it is getting near quitting time. My head is in a whirl and I almost forgot my Colgate smile as I leave by the back door. Halfway down the back steps I hear Mommy yelling something about not having to leave by the back door. I just run.

*Joe Andrews*



## BRIENELLMAN

The conditions under which a brienellman works are full of wonder, danger, and dirt. A brienellman tests steel for its hardness, carbon and manganese content. The work must be performed close to cranes, the rolling mill and red hot steel. He has no immediate boss to show him what to do. When a test shows that the steel does not contain the right amount of carbon and manganese, a report is filled out, and the foreman is notified as well as the inspector and shearman.

The twelve inch mill as it is called is around a hundred and fifty feet wide and four hundred feet long by fifty feet high. The air is very dry. The billets of red hot steel cool on a corrugated cooling bed. A billet is sent sliding down the bed, a bright orange in color, and comes to rest next to the darker red billets. A light flashes to let you know whether the billet came down the east or west bed. As you look across the bed the light is distorted because of heat waves rising weirdly to the roof of the building.

Steel particles glitter in the air like stars when the light reflects off their shining sides. Due to the great heat in the building you sweat heavily and the coal dust and steel particles stick to your skin.

A billet of steel starts down the cooling bed buckled like a snake. The two ton crane roars by overhead with its block and tackle swaying back and forth. The crane moves in any direction except up and





down and seems like a living monster hanging from the ceiling in the dark gloomy atmosphere, made even more weird by the rising heat waves. The crane picks up the hot, soft, spaghetti-like strip of steel high in the air and proceeds to drag it back to the cobble pit. Pliable and glowing red hot, it slithers over rollers and cooling bed and around ceiling posts. The billet is finally dropped into the cobble pit.

Some of the men you work with are not even high school graduates. There are big men and little men, all trying to work together. A great many are from Europe and can hardly speak English.

The crane passes over your head with a load of steel and you wonder if it has ever accidentally dropped a load.

As the strips of steel approach the shears you get your shovel ready to catch the first three or four inches of dark red steel. The heat is so great you have to turn your face to avoid being burned.

The shears are hydraulic and make a series of loud reports as they approach the steel. With a deep-toned slice the three or four inch pieces of steel are in your shovel, around thirty-five to fifty pounds, which you dump into the scrap pile. After the first cut of twenty feet you catch another three or four inches and quickly place these in the water bath to cool. In a couple of minutes the rolling boiling water settles. The steel is then to cool further in the air for a few more minutes before it is tested. The pieces of steel



are now picked up with gloves and brought back to the office or briennell testing room. Seventy-five feet of scrap lumber and steel you have to step over when coming and going from the office to get samples of steel to test.

You are glad when you get to your office where there is peace and quiet, although your ears ring and your throat is dry. The rollers, crane, and occasional train, which come for a load steel, make so much noise that a person has to shout to be heard. The test is completed, the report filled out and you pause a minute to watch a large rat dart out from under a pile of cold steel fifteen feet from your door. The twelve inch mill truly is full of wonder, danger, and dirt.

Charles J. Hong





## THE EYES HAVE IT

Last summer I worked in a small restaurant beside the high school in my home town.

After the first few days I decided that I was passing up the perfect opportunity to study people because I merely poured their coffee and fried their ham and eggs without thinking about them as people. They were merely "trade," as my employer called them.

Since then I've checked my mental notes of these people and here's what I remember: Eyes.

The one person whose image is most indelibly stamped on my memory is an old man who did nothing but exist. Living only on the pension plan, he ordered the same thing every day--coffee and maple rolls. And his eyes!! His black beady eyes were so piercing that I felt I was serving the man Swiss cheese instead of a maple roll.

Just the opposite of this elderly man was a young man who came every two or three days to take the soiled clothes to the laundry. He delighted in telling me of his experiences when he worked in the funeral parlor preparing bodies. His eyes would dance as I gritted my teeth. They also sparkled as he related all the gory details. Each day, he came with a newly remembered experience.

Then there was the woman who came to the store before every meal to do her shopping for that meal. She was a beautiful woman. Her eyes were a soft blue with a glow about them, but the young divorcee wore so much make-up, that her real beauty was concealed.



Of all these customers, I can't forget all the school children who rushed in between the summer school classes. In their eyes you could see the dancing mischief ready to leap out. Those are the same eyes that seemed to be following the notes of the music as it floated from the juke box.

Another person I can't forget because of his eyes was an architect who, with the Superintendant of Public Schools, laughed, talked, and planned for a new school over many cups of black coffee. His eyes had a deep look of a scholar and the dark, horn-rimmed glasses added to the effect.

My employer was an elderly man whose eyes were filled with kindness. His eyes with their snow white eyelashes and brows made him look like a tender, loving father.

Then there were the salesmen whose businesslike stare stamped them as something forbidding.

But the one lady who could talk with her eyes and who could express her every thought with nothing more than a movement of her eyes was a woman who ate her lunch there every day, and talked with the regular customers. When she was very serious, her eyes looked as if a very profound book was propped up in front of them. But when she was happy her eyes even laughed.

But all these types of expressions showed one thing. These were all sincere in their own way. Even the salesman's stare was sincere in his attempt to be businesslike and to sell his product. This sincerity in expression is what, I find, strikes me first and leaves the longest impression on my mind.

*Linda Gilchrist*



## BWANA BWERA

"Bwana, bwera," came the cry from the rear of the house. "What is it, Amos?" He screamed, "Bwaaana, bweeera! ". This sent shivers down my back and with a ringing head I fled for the door. There, not ten feet away, stood one of the largest leopards that I had ever seen. Roars shook the ground and I could not move.

About a week before, Amos had come running to the house to tell us that there were leopard tracks around the chicken coup in front of the house. We investigated, but unfortunately did not take the matter too seriously. The following morning the sad news came that only two chickens were left. Nineteen lay dead and a few had been eaten. The leopard had crashed the roof and after having his fun, had fled through the netting. It was not long before the whole countryside reported the marauder. And, as if that wasn't enough, the driver of a bus returned, pale and trembling, with the news that there was a pride of lions on the road just above the town. There were so few buck left that cattle, goats and pigs would have to suffer--unless the lions did.

Shortly after this we found that a lion had attempted to get our pig. It had been unable to break through the wall, but had gashed the side of the pig badly. We strengthened the wall and hoped for the best. Rumors began to fly. The pastor had lost his cattle, lions had visited the baptismal pool, lions had invaded a hut and injured





the occupants, but fortunately had not killed them.

These happenings flashed through my mind as I stood, rooted fast, praising God for the fact that the leopard was in our new chicken coup and not out of it--at that moment. Slowly I regained control. The brute with the yellow - green eyes stared and roared while I rushed for the slender assagai (spear) that had brought another of the species to its grave.

By this time many had gathered around. All were throwing things at the leopard, making it ferocious. Time and again it **charged**, almost breaking the wire. Most of the natives fled. I stood there helpless with a wallet, while brave Mufundisi Macia took the opportunity to thrust the spear several times into the leopard's mouth. Amos screamed loudly, "Bamba Macia!" (run). He himself was already gathering sticks and rocks to help patch the hole. Terror possessed us. What would happen if the creature should break out just now when the children were getting out of school? God never heard more prayers from a half dozen individuals than He heard from us during that short hour.

Gradually we repaired the hole, and the leopard, already bleeding, retreated into the enclosed section in order to escape us. We felt as sure we were masters of the situation as a cowboy feels on a horse which could buck him off at any moment. Bows and arrows came into play. Unfortunately they were not poisoned. Macia, the pastor's son, and two others fired time and again at the leopard. At each hit a painful yelp went up followed by cheers that were drowned in the roaring of the beast.



The situation was serious now for we had maddened the brute but could not kill it. In one last desperate effort, Amos jumped atop the roof of the closed section, spread apart the thatch and looked in. It was difficult to hold balance there, for the leopard was raging inside and the slender supporting poles were shaking like a hammernill. In a moments he yelled for a young sapling and a knife.

These having been supplied, he set about the arduous task of sharpening the stick. It took about fifteen minutes. All that while we were waging a battle with the beast below. Blood was sprinkled everywhere. We all thought that some of us, at least, would meet our Maker soon. The assagai was broken, the arrows lost inside and the ground cleared of stones when we saw Amos raise his sapling, aim carefully through the hole he had made, and drive it down with all his strength. Amos was hurled flat, the main support cracked and the leopard, writhing in pain, leapt or rather bounded inside. Regaining his balance with miraculous precision Amos repeated not only once, but time and time again, until the roars grew fainter and gradually ceased.

What joy! What peace! The triumphant cry was born through the valley. In minutes it was being blazed from the hilltops as shouts of praise went up that another blood-lusting killer had been conquered.

*Theodore P. Elliott*





## MY PARTNER IN CRIME

I always had to look up at him, all six feet two of him. He was always teetering on the balls of his feet, with a big, self-conscious grin spreading out across the freckles, much like the grin a tomato would give! His attire almost invariably consisted of a silk shirt buttoned up to the hilt, charcoal flannel trousers, and gleaming white buck shoes, and never a tie!

Don "Juan" (his real name was Don Angle, but we called him this because he had a way with the girls!) always confided in me when it came to problems of the heart as if I were an authority on romance. The truth of the matter is, I was having the same troubles! This is easily understandable, for we were both at the delicate stage in life when frequent epidemics of "romantic fever" weren't unusual. He and I made quite a pair, I must admit. We weren't exactly wild Indians, but then, again, we weren't the book-worm, stay-at-home, sissy-sport type, either! We believed in pulling our share (sometimes MORE than our share) of practical jokes.

One eventful evening, Don, tomato-grin, freckles, and all, summoned me from the house with the usual sharp "beep" of his horn and a loud "revving" of his '41 Studebaker coupe's engine. After the usual "begging" period with Mom, (she knows us too well, I guess!) she finally gave in and we were off!

Perhaps you know boys, I mean how mischievous they can be? Well, this particular night we had nothing particular up our sleeve so we drove around waiting for something to "pop up".



"I've got it! 'Lover's lane', "He said, putting the gas pedal to the floor and squealing around in a perfect, but illegal, U-turn. It's a good thing (?) I had my water pistol along, for we knew what was at "Lover's lane", and we also knew what could take shape in two fertile, young minds to make the evening more enjoyable.

It was, indeed, a romantic night; full moon floating in a warm summer sky, warm, singing breezes among the trees, and a peaceful throbbing of an insect orchestra that never seemed to get out of tune, no matter what note each instrumentalist played. What a night for a prank!

"Oh boy!" he giggles, "there's one with his window down, I'll pull up alongside, and you give him the works." Looking to my right, I made out a car, an open window, and a surprised face peering into mine. I leveled, aimed, and fired in one easy motion, and was instantly thrown back into the cushions by the power of the resulting acceleration.

"Got him right in the eye," I gleefully reported. The mischievous grin again, a clash of gears, and the chase was on!

"Boy, these curves are rugged," said Don, "I hope we don't roll!"

"Yeah, we'd better lean with curves, then we can go faster!" I suggested. "There he goes, the other way. He took the wrong turn. It's all right now, Don."

Then came the exaggerated wiping of imaginary sweat from brow, a howling laugh, and a return to a peaceful, civilized existence.

*Lawell Patterson*



Some while ago I received a post card from a Japanese boy who has been working on a farm in San Diego, California. He is one of the boys whom I met on the boat when I was on the way to the United States. Eagerly he would ask me many questions about Christianity and the Bible. His name is Mr. Uchida.

The night before our landing in San Francisco, he told me about his experiences. He was in the Japanese army and sent to the battlefield of New Guinea during the second World War.

The United States was ready to push the Japanese army back, and it was the turning point for the United States to victory. All the supply routes were cut off by the U. S. Navy and Air Force. Every day Japanese were visited by big bombers and countless pursuit planes, and every night the rain of cannon-balls broke their dreams.

Uchida saw many friends dying around him. He himself was tired out from fear and hunger, and almost ready to die. But in his critical moment something, he said he didn't know what or who it was, led him to a deep cave. He slipped into the cave almost exhausted, and there he found a cool spring of water. Since that time he drank the water and ate grasses and some kind of fruits to keep alive. And in that cave, he found his deepest and strongest desire. He thought that he was dying; he had no hope to live. He was extremely hungry, but eating was not his strongest desire. He heard his soul crying--crying to seek for the place of rest and something to depend upon.





He was saved by American soldiers miraculously, but since that night when he knew the desire of his soul, he had been seeking for the true God who would save his soul though he did not know anything about Him.

After the War, he was sent back to Japan. His home was in farming country, so he took his spade again. By and by his tired body had recovered and year by year his terrible memories were weakened, but his once awakened soul could not rest until he would find the right place to rest. Every day he went out to his farmland, and there he heard his soul crying. Every night his soul cried unto God, seeking for peace of heart.

After a while, he was elected to be the village master, because he was so good to everybody, and he was so earnest to work not only for his own interests but also for the village. He was the youngest village master ever elected in the history of his village. He was a nice gentleman, wealthy and honored, but his soul was still crying and seeking for eternal life like the young ruler who asked the question of Jesus. This time he was elected to come to the States to see the new way of farming. And in the providence of God, we were on the same boat.

I gave him what the Lord gave me. I opened the Bible and let him read the third chapter of John. I explained to him the great love of God and Jesus Christ, then this world of sin and everlasting life. I told him how sinful we human beings are, and how every trouble and darkness of life has its origin in disobeying God. He understood the need of salvation by Jesus. Then I



opened the twenty-second chapter of Luke and read through the passion of our Lord till we came to the last prayer of the Lord which He prayed on the cross:

"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

We could not read any more. Tears dropped down over his cheeks. He prayed as he was crying. I also prayed for him. We prayed through until he was sealed by the Holy Spirit. And thank God! He was saved right there before we saw the light of San Francisco.

We had to take different ways from San Francisco, but the Lord let me remember him in my prayer.

On his post card he said that he was baptized and looking forward to his return to Japan to let the Japanese know the true way of living by Jesus the Nazarene more than to teach some new method or technique of farming.

Yes, this salvation is the special need of Japan today. And we can not miss the greatest chance ever given by God to the gospel workers who are every one of us Christians.





## AN OLD TIMER

It's a pleasure, I'm sure, to introduce my friend Mrs. Hanson to you. She'll want you to call her Eva or Eve. There's really no need to put on airs. We all amount to the same, you know. Hee-hee.

It occurs to me that I referred to Eva as my friend. Really I guess I'd better broaden that phrase. Eva is everyone's friend, especially if she can get you to go to church sometime. As the Bible says, you have to compel them to come in. Therefore if you see a bobbing white curly head peering over the wheel of a green Ford which is coming at you full speed on the wrong side of the road and occupied by several others who are sitting in reconciliation on what they hope isn't their last ride, you'll know there has been some compelling. Eva can't see too well and the folks don't seem to want to give you an inch on the road nowadays. I guess the telephone pole in front of the church forgot to move also. Anyway, it got in Eva's way.

I believe Eva was alone when she met the telephone pole. It happened one Saturday. Of course she feels it's her responsibility to clear the church. Sadly enough everyone else has accepted her attitude rather easily. After all, the younger generation is too busy and the others either aren't too well or things are going pretty hard for them on cleaning days. Eve can find the time though. After she milks her goats and helps saw the wood there isn't any-



thing else very urgent which needs tending to except for "fixing-up" the minister's wife, who, poor soul, isn't too well. However, it's fortunate that her poor husband is long-suffering because he has to bide his time until she has performed her other duties.

Speaking of goats, they're Eva's pet joy. She names them with care and respects each of them for its own individuality. It is her pleasure and our sorrow when Eva comes to a social gathering with a gallon of cocoa. Maybe, unlike us, you share her gusto for goat's milk. There's no one who likes to get together with the "bunch" to talk and just have a good time any more than Eva does. Now that is just good for you now and then.

As I said, Eva likes to get people out to church. She's here at every service which includes Young People's. There's nothing like that good singing preceding the sermon. She doesn't care so much about the talking part,--now you understand that's good,--but the fact is that that singing does something for you. It puts Eva back in the days of the early nineteen hundreds when she was young. Therefore when it comes time to testify she is one of the first. Fervently she thanks the Lord that she no longer has the desire to dance. Back there it was her chief delight but she doesn't need that now. Thank the Lord for the small church in Convene.

You have to get used to Eva. She always means well but sometimes her words flow rather easily.



Whether or not she always means what she says is a matter of opinion. A young visiting pastor preached the message last Sunday after the service Eva wholeheartedly shook his hand and said, "Keep it up. I think you're improving."

To appreciate Eva you have to know her. She is a true neighbor and citizen in the town of Sebago. What would we do without her?

*Betty Ysher*





"YOU'RE ON WATCH, BUDDY!"

Who knows what myriads of thoughts, dreams, and feelings wander through a man's mind when he is asleep?

Night has fallen. Men are stacked like cords of wood on canvas bunks about six feet long by three feet wide, suspended from steel posts by chains. All is peaceful, as peaceful as a creaking, rolling destroyer can be in a choppy, Atlantic sea, and many varied rumbling noises resound from just as many mouths and noses. Indeed, this noise, combined with the powerful hum of twin deisel engines is not very conducive to sound sleep for the "unsalty".

The mind has long since receded into its own confines and the subconscious has already taken control, suggesting fulfillment of desires thwarted during the day. The rigors and excitements of the day soak out of limb and mind and peaceful oblivion comes to the fore.

Then suddenly, while wandering in the catacombs of sleep, a desperately searching, blinding ray of light shocks the soul, which shrinks back and attempts to hide; but, no, there is no escape from that light; that is a flashlight held by a brawny seaman who seems to be saying, "You're on watch, buddy!"

"Me on watch! Why me? Why not somebody else?" you say; then back to that glorious oblivion. Immediately on returning to catacomb labeled "OBLIVION", an earthquake occurs and oblivion is gone. The "earthquake" effect is being achieved by a rhythmic raising and



dropping of your rack by the same brawny seaman's brawny arms.

"Okay, okay," you hear yourself say, "what time is it?" The voice, going up the ladder to the passageway above says, "five minutes to get dressed and get up to the bridge!" Immediately occur visions of courtmartial, captain's mast and Dishonorable Discharge; and a desperate urgency pulls you out of the rack, causes your toes to search gropingly for wandering shoes, and sets forgetful hands frantically exploring locker tops for a suit of blues you know is there... somewhere. Then before your bloodshot eyes appear the steps of the ladder going up, up, up, to regions above.

Only a "tin-can" sailor can know what it means to stumble through dark, narrow passageways, crowded with fire extinguishers, hoses, and other fire fighting equipment, and generously equipped with hatches leading to other compartments below. Carefully, oh, so carefully, you place one foot before the other, rolling with the ship, judging each step as best you can, hoping the best, but expecting the worst. "Ouch!" The worst! For, while stepping through a hatch, your delicate, sleepy shins have come in contact with the sharp flange that is a peculiar characteristic of all water-tight doors. So, on you go, wandering like a lost soul, in search of remembered hatches, passageways, and ladders, until finally you step through the last door into a silent, methodical world interrupted only by an occasional terse command, then silence again.





There, by the navigator's table, stands the O.O.D. (Officer of the Deck) impatiently waiting to return your salute and answer your report with information concerning course, speed, ships sighted, etc. Further occupants of the small, portholed center of operations are: a seaman at the wheel, behind a confusing array of compasses and rudder indicators; a quartermaster at his desk, with pencil in hand; a "talker", hooked up with combat information center; and a "talker", connected with lookouts, stationed outside the bridge proper on the flying bridge.

By this time the dreamer and catacomb wanderer is far from oblivion and in a state of relaxed alertness, easily rolling with the ship's roll, rubber-edged wheel in your hands, and eyes on the confusing array of compasses and rudder indicators.

"Steer ten degrees, left rudder, helmsman," bawls the O.O.D.

"Aye, aye, sir," you say.

*Lawell Patterson*



## DAWN VIEW OF A BATTLEFIELD

As I look back upon my first view of a battlefield, it still remains quite vivid in my mind.

I was a member of an F.O. Team whose job is to locate enemy targets, such as gun emplacements and troops; then, to direct artillery and mortar fire upon them. Under cover of darkness, to avoid enemy detection, our five-man team was moved up to Hill 717, overlooking a small but important valley.

It was raining, not an ordinary rain but one that is typical of Korea for that time of year. It seemed to seep its way into every dry crevice of your body. As dawn came filtering through the mist and fog, I became aware of the surrounding country.

The twisted, jagged, shattered shapes of trees were all around me. Some had jagged holes ripped in their trunks, others were unrooted, still others stood straight, with only their splintered tops showing, where once there had been leaves. Muffled coughs of men watching and waiting broke the death-like stillness of that cold wet dawn. All around the hill were box marks of gray gapping holes where shells had hit. The smell of gunpowder seemed to hang in the damp air. C-ration cans and bits of paper were scattered here and there. Among these was a new helmet with a jagged hole torn in it.

Toward the front and down the hill was the irregular zigzag pattern of barbed-wire entanglements. Hanging grotesquely from this wire were empty C-ration cans. They, too, had their place and purpose in this desolate



scene. Beyond the entanglements I could see the rice paddies, long before deserted by the careful Korean farmers. But now another farmer, waste and destruction, had intruded.

Along the floor of the valley ran a small dirt road. Teetering at a crazy angle in the ditch along the road was a tank. Even with a large hole torn in its side and its tracks ripped off, the huge gun it carried still looked menacing.

Running parallel with the road, and nestled against the side of some hills, was a small village. How quaint it must have been. But now most of its houses had been burned to an unrecognizable heap of rubble. The only thing that still looked intact was the tiny wells which are common in such villages. But past experience told me that even these had probably been contaminated by the enemy. For it was a common thing to find dead bodies of animals and humans alike at the bottom of these wells. Everywhere I looked I could see nothing but death, destruction, and desolation.

A lonely, empty feeling crept over me. Where were the happy, simple folk of this village? How sad and lonely they must be, separated from all that was dear to them, from loved ones perhaps never to be heard from again.

In the distance I could hear faintly the wail of a harmonica. How lonesome and empty it sounded in these Korean hills. Perhaps some soldier was looking out across the valley, as I was doing, thinking of the home and loved ones he had left behind.

*Wm. Snow*





## INTO THE NIGHT

My platoon sergeant, a rebel from Alabama, came into my bunker and informed me in his southern drawl that I would be making an ambush patrol the following night. I anticipated it, but not without a certain dread.

It was mid-winter and the ground was covered with snow. During this weather there was less chance of our making contact with the enemy because the Communist soldiers, being inadequately clothed, could not venture as far from their lines as we could from ours.

Patrol duty was probably the toughest assignment Infantry men could get, but almost all line Infantry men had it sooner or later.

Making this patrol with me would be about nine men. The ~~highest~~-ranking man would be a sergeant first class who was not a platoon leader. Two of the nine would be Republic of Korea soldiers. The patrol would consist of five riflemen, a Browning Automatic Rifleman and his assistant, a radioman, a patrol leader, and an assistant patrol leader.

That day the patrol sergeant briefed each of us thoroughly. On the map and from the trench he showed us where we would be going.

Zero hour of the following night found us ready at the point where we would leave the trench and enter no man's land.

All of us were loaded with ammunition. Some men were carrying as many as five hand-grenades in addition to



their weapons and ammunition. The white camouflaged suits we all wore helped make us difficult to be seen.

With hardly any noise, the adept point man, whose job it was to lead the patrol, climbed up the trench and slid under the barbed wire entanglements. One by one, each of us followed.

We didn't envy the point man's job, because he would be probably taking us through a mine field. For that reason, we obviously followed his steps very carefully.

Because of the inky blackness of the night, it was difficult to see much. Occasionally a man would stumble and fall on the ice and snow.

Within an hour we reached our destination which was about three hundred yards from our lines and perhaps less than that from the enemy's. Our patrol leader set us up in a perimeter of defense, and the waiting began.

We all lay prone on our stomachs, because in that position it was more difficult for us to be seen. It took perhaps the hardest kind of mental discipline to remain on that frozen ground and snow.

Time went by slowly. Eyes would become heavy and heads would fall, but our tensed nerves, the frigid weather, and our indefatigable sergeant helped to keep us awake.

We never saw any of the enemy and we weren't disappointed.

Before morning came, after having been out for eight hours, we arose and made our way back to our lines. Upon arriving back we breathed a sigh of relief, thankful that we had made it without any trouble.

*Stan Rice*



DORM LIFE







## DORM LIFE

Life in a dormitory is the real life of college young people. The students who live off campus do not know or do not feel the true spirit of college as do the privileged ones who "sack in" the dormitories.

Late at night when I was just dozing off into dreamland in the old sack, I suddenly woke up with a jolt and sat straight up in bed. My whole body was shaking at the ghastly sound that I had just heard. Was that a lone wolf I heard howling out in the hall? It couldn't be! They aren't supposed to come into men's dormitories! "Ah, now I know," I said as I sank back into the warm bed, "it's just Allen downstairs." There also was a time when I thought the Quincy fire department was the busiest fire department I knew of, because I always heard sirens every night at about the same time. Now I've found out it's only Allen downstairs.

Sometimes when I was racking my brains out over an assignment due first period next morning, the fellows decided to have a march. Up they came. The trumpet was in lead with four or five generals behind it, all stamping in rhythm to the tune of "Jingle Bells," which always ended on a sour note. Don't forget either the cold showers in full dress; the time I found my door locked--entrance at the window; the upside down room, and the many other benders that my beloved brothers pulled on me.

When did all this start? How can it be stopped?



It started when they put young men together in one dormitory and it will continue until administrations have dispersed with having dormitories. It cannot be stopped until young men are no longer boys at heart or until there is no pressure of school on their minds.

Now don't get the impression that dormitory life is a big joke or that all of your time is spent in pulling or fighting off benders. No, there are many advantages in living in a dormitory. You meet boys your own age who have interests similar to yours. You can start strong and lasting friendships with the brothers of your own dorm, especially your roommate or your next-door neighbor. One of the most enjoyable extra-curricular activities is a bull session where you talk about anything at any length.

The most blessed time that you can have in college is in a dormitory prayermeeting. I only wish that you could have been at one prayermeeting we had at the beginning of the school year. There were a banjo, a uke, a guitar, a mandolin and a hall full of boys who really felt like singing. That was the night when we stayed up until one o'clock praying, and three boys were saved by God's wonderful grace.

As I said before, there are both advantages and disadvantages to dormitory life. But when you are out of college you will look back and realize that those few years you spent in college were made rich because of dorm life.

*David L. Wayman*



### A NEW WAY

You have crossed into a different world. You are no longer under the watchful eyes of your high school teachers nor the worrying eye of your parents. Things have begun to take on a new light for you. You realize that you are on your own to a large extent. You no longer enjoy the comforts of a sheltered life. Because here you're thrown right in the middle of an exciting new group, composed of many unusual personalities and characters, and it is up to you to fit yourself into this group. And it has to be a good fit, else you don't have much chance for success. The old high school "pals" aren't by your side any longer to listen to your tales of woe. Instead you find yourself searching for new and worthwhile friends who will learn to appreciate you and your problems here at college. Indeed, the transition from high school to college life is a difficult one.

*Elaine Melling*





## THERE IS NOTHING LIKE IT

On the campus of Eastern Nazarene College there stands a stately brick building built in the traditional conservative style of New England. This building is the home of a proximately one hundred ten fellows during the school year. It is within the walls of Memorial Hall that the traditional idea "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy and wise" is broken and "Late to bed and early to rise gives a fellow bags under his eyes" is widely practiced.

On the third floor in the Dean's wing of the building there is a conglomeration of fellows the like of which you have never seen before and if you are fortunate you will never see such again.

Here in this wing on third floor we have eighteen fellows, fifteen alarm clocks, seven High Fidelity sets, two tape recorders, a collection of recording tape and records worth \$400, and one broom.

For a brave few the day starts at 6:45 A.M. When getting up so early there is not a sound to be heard and so you go back to bed thinking you're up too early. At 6:59 you are abruptly awakened by the sound of footsteps on horseback passing your room trying to make it to breakfast before the door is locked, and it is but a few seconds until you also are trying to set a new record for the one hundred yard dash.

After this rude awakening and a quick breakfast the dorm settles down with only minor disturbances through the day, such as a crooner testing his lungs in the shower trying to sing "Yankee Doodle" or two



roommates arguing over who is going to take Susie to the Dugout that evening.

At 5:30 P.M. the intermission is over and the performance begins again. In the washroom can be heard the familiar sounds of the razor symphony as produced by Kilowatt and the male show chorously joyously sings in four different keys at once the old favorite Sixteen Tons. The sweat scented rooms once again beauty salons as the odors of Old Spice, Avon, and Yardley perfumes are abundantly mixed with that of Wildroot Cream Oil.

After a quiet evening of supposed study the party once again begins. Bull sessions are the order of most evenings as eighteen hungry fellows go from room to room in search of food. The seven Hi Fi sets are booming up and down to the tunes of the Blackwood Quartet and Stan Kenton's City of Glass. The two tape recorders have probably been set in some closet to catch the words of a fellow who has just said good night to his dream boat at Munro Hall. At last the fifteen alarm clocks are set once again, only to ring in vain at 6:45 A.M.

*Roughley*  
*Roughley*



## I WAS A "SACKOHOLOGIC"

The story which I'm about to write is an exaggerated account of a real experience. This episode is typical of the average college when the warm weather and class assignments begin to press him down.

It all began two weeks after the fall semester had begun. My classes were over for the day; therefore I decided to return to my room and study. When I entered my room, a sudden lethargic feeling seemed to overwhelm me. I attempted to fight it off, but it was in vain. It seemed that an irresistible force was drawing me towards my bed. The last thing I remembered was pulling the "lily whites" up over my head and slipping away into a peaceful slumber. When I awoke, I realized that I had slept through supper. At the time I attributed this little episode to the strenuousness of my first few weeks in college. The very next day, the same thing occurred almost precisely in the same sequence. While walking past my bed, I felt the same magnetic force drawing me down, down, down into the waiting arms of Morpheus. After two or three days of this, I came to the conclusion that I ought to do something about it. I was missing meals and even cutting a few classes. I tried to stop, but it was all in vain. Then it dawned on me. It shocked me like one of the dining hall's early morning cups of coffee. I was afflicted by one of the dreaded maladies that afflicted a college freshman at least once in his career. What could I do! To whom could I turn! I had gone the way of all freshman; I was a "Sackoholic!"

I wanted to go to my roommate for assistance, but I





didn't think he would understand. I desired to solicit the advice of an upperclassman, but I couldn't muster up enough nerve. The situation became critical; I was the only person on campus that got, on the average, thirteen hours' sleep a night. The only things that I remembered on Sunday morning worship were the processional and the benediction. The classroom situation was almost comparable to it. I recalled only bowing my head in prayer and raising it when the bell sounded for lunch. These few incidents will serve to show the degree of my case of "Sackolitis." (disease of the sack) I was in a labyrinth where there was seemingly no escape. There was one thing that I could do that might serve to extricate me from my plight.

I believed that if I removed my bed, I would not be tempted to slumber as often as I did. This plan proved to be fruitless. The same day I returned to my room to take a cat nap in my desk chair. Two hours later I awoke to find myself in someone else's room, about three doors down the corridor. This last incident taught me that I had a dual affliction. I was not only a "Sackoholic" but also a somnambulist.

When it seemed that my plight was hopeless, it happened. I received the stimulation necessary to shock me out of my seemingly hopeless lethargy; I flunxed my first Western Civilization examination. Henceforth and throughout the rest of my freshman year, I was no longer plagued by this somnolence. I'm sure that I shall never forget those early days of my freshman career, when I was a "Sackoholic."

Edward Sims Jr.



## NIGHT WATCH

You live in room #118, Munro Hall. The time is about 12:30 a.m. You pull the warm, soft blanket up a little farther and try to snuggle a little deeper into your nest. You've changed your position for the sixty-seventh time but it hasn't done any good.

Just when you're settled comfortably, the bottom right side of your bed spring slips off the side of the bed. You utter an ejaculation which your "roomie" re-echoes as she jumps off her desk chair. You lie there thinking you've been shot. Roommate sits down and says calmly, "I think your bed spring slipped. Better fix it or you'll be sleeping on a slant." You mutter a disgusted "thanks" and slide out onto the cold floor. Mission accomplished, you climb back into your warm spot. Why must there be nights like this at college? Once again you close your eyes and wonder how much longer Susie will be writing letters. Must she have that horrible jazz to serenade her?

You ask yourself, "Why don't they have some regulations around here, like a 'lights out' curfew?" But then you reprimand yourself as you recall that you, too, have had to burn the lights late when an exam was scheduled.

Too bad your room is right next to the lavatory. Someone has just decided she needs a shower. You hear the thundering water combined with a running faucet. Nancy is washing her hair again. Of all the unearthly hours to perform this task! But wait--what time was it



last night when you pulled out your shampoo bottle? But you had to work all afternoon, didn't you? So maybe Nancy was tied up all day, too.

Roomie snaps out the light and the jazz fades into the air. You breathe a sigh of relief. At last you can sleep. The showers are quiet, the room is dark and there's nothing to disturb you. Crash! You hear a stone hit the window above yours and you realize the silence was too good to last. The Romeos and Juliets are at it again. So from the open window you catch bits of an interesting conversation which you can't help overhearing.

The loud conversation goes on while you start counting sheep. You haven't counted very far when you hear the pitter-patter of little college girls' feet in the hall outside your door. No doubt the girls are just returning from third floor, so naturally they have to rush to get into their rooms at this time of night--morning--you're not sure which it is.

You hear faint sounds of rattling papers mixed with the smothered giggles of the inmates next door.

Now everything is quiet on the first floor of Munro Hall--all, except for the shrill ringing of an alarm clock in room #118.

*Elaine Mellinger*





THOUGHT





## UNKNOWN

As I sat quietly on a stump in the woods,  
I looked, I listened, and I thought. It  
was a clear day. The warm, slowly moving air pushed  
a few clouds along at an even pace past the Gothic  
spires of the pines. The clouds, casting gray shadows  
upon the trees, set me to wondering whether I would  
ever find out what was far beyond those floating  
clouds.

I looked out through the trees. I could not  
see the wind or know where it came from, but I could  
hear the creak and the screech of branches rubbing  
together as the wind slowly pushed them back and  
forth.

A bird singing its cheerful tune recalled another  
bird--a bird with a gray breast, a brown specked  
back, and a red throat. I had had my gun along with  
me that time. I always prided myself on my markman-  
ship, and without thinking I raised my "22". The  
gun gave a loud crack-- and I saw the bird drop with a  
lifeless thud to the ground. I ran to the bird to  
see where the bullet had hit it. The bullet had  
pierced it through the breast and its little red heart  
was hanging out of its body. I could see the heart  
beating slower,--slower,--slower--and then with all its  
energy depleted, the heart that had once given life  
to a beautiful song bird stopped its palpitation with  
one last throb. Something stabbed at the heart with-  
in me. One sentence kept drumming in my head.  
What is death? What is death?



Just as the bird in the distance finished its chirping, a deer joyously leaped up and disappeared in a clump of pines. A sparrow fluttered by and a flock of chickadees flew from one tree to another. Then a squirrel came cautiously down a nearby oak. A quail that I hadn't noticed ~~started~~ scratching for something in the leaves. The free jerking manner of the head and neck fascinated me. The quail would strut for some time, look around, then scratch and pick up bits of food from between the dry, brown leaves.

As I sat quietly on the stump watching the wildlife go unmolested I realized for the first time the enjoyment and the calm, happy, free-running ways of the animals. I saw animals enjoying the pleasures of freedom. Even their faces seemed glad and happy. Where did their happiness come from?

Suddenly--a hard throbbing whine of a laboring power saw broke the quiet and peace, and the playing animals ran to cover. Why? Why? Why did man have to cut down the shelter of the harmless animals?

Why not let the animals be free, be happy-go-lucky and roam anywhere without being forced away from their very existence? Then the engine of the power saw slowed to an idle. But I could still hear a low rumble, then a roar then the throbbing of engines. A plane passing overhead continued the unending succession of man-made noises. Just another of man's perishing contraptions.





It was getting dark. I had completely forgotten about time and the tender juicy steak we were having for supper. I had forgotten about home and my nice soft bed until now. I had to hurry to get there before dark. I was happy. I had found a true enjoyment. But a lot of questions kept running through my mind. What is life? What is death? What is beyond those clouds in the sky? Where does the wind come from? How can the animals stay happy when man chases them from their haunts? I had now realized that there are some things that can never be answered in life.

It was getting darker now. I could hardly see the path ahead of me, but I kept walking on.

*Merle Fetter*



## OF DREAMS AND BOOKS I HAVE READ

There is a room in my house that no one has seen but me. I found it when, as an inquisitive eight-year-old, I explored the attic. Rain on the eaves had lulled me to sleep, and after I awoke with a key in my hand, I searched for the door and entered the secret place.

The first thing I saw in that musty room was a cherry-wood table and a red rug before the fireplace. Across from that was an enormous window seat covered with a knit afghan and sunshine from the skylight. I can't remember now when the door closed behind me. I was examining the far wall which seemed to be made entirely of books.

There was a dish of apples on the table. I took one and sat down on a straight chair under a corner lamp. Then I looked at the books again. My Boothouse series were on the middle shelf. They contained nearly every kind of story.

One shelf held magazines. There were copies of my magazine subscription, Children's Activities, and a big book marked ATLAS. I explored the ATLAS, and looked for Peter Pan's Never-Never Land. Just then a framed picture of a brown-haired boy on a rug caught my eye. I think it was the Little Lame Prince, but he looked like my brother.

By now I wanted to read. All the Bobbsey Twins books were before me, which I had already read from cover to cover, and Heidi and Rebecca nodded from bright book jackets, like old friends. Finally I picked up a book



of Grimm's Fairy Tales, bound with a cover that had faded dreadfully, and settled myself in the window seat.

It was barely dusk when I picked up a book of Bible stories I hadn't seen before. The apples were all eaten, and I stretched out luxuriously on my tummy on the red rug, hoping the ache would go away. The Book was strangely comforting as I felt these Presences about me that come only just after sunset - Tom Sawyer and the Little Women crowding about as if to say "Good night," and Daniel, and Jesus and the little children.

The dark came quickly. One by one I felt the presences depart, watched the characters file back into their books. How I loved each one, yet suddenly there were just rows of books and I was very tired.

When did I leave that room? I remember groping about the chimney, and turning on the light at the top of the stairs. I remember falling asleep at the table that night.

That was the last time I saw my secret room, but I am sure the key is waiting for me somewhere against that time when I will re-enter. I am reading Milton and Hugh Walpole and the American Magazine nowadays, and it's a long way to the attic. Some day I hope I'll find the key again.

Barbara  
Ellwood





## ELECTRIC TRAIN, INTERNATIONAL

Down in Pennsylvania little Ricky got a nice electric train from Uncle Paul for Christmas. Uncle Paul and his brother Kenny, and Ray, the brother-in-law, started to connect rails and set up the platform and switches. Ricky was so thrilled with his new electric train that he was screaming his head off.

"Now, Ricky! Get that train."

"Now, wait!"

"Just the train! Just the train for this time!"

"Can you set it on the rail, Ricky? Oh, Oh! Let Uncle Paul do it. Ha!"

"Oh, Ricky can do it! Try again. Rick!---That's it!"

Now the train is on the rail.

"Come here, Rick! Watch it! Here--we--go---. Well? What happened?"

Ricky: "Ha, ha, ha--!"

"What are you laughing at, Ricky? Are all the connections all right? Is this thing plugged in?"

"Oh, here! Here it is! Uncle Ray will fix it! O.K.!"

"Now, look! Ricky, here we go!"

The train started to move around on the rail.

"Ha-----!!"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha----! Look, mommy, look, mommy!!"

"Ha, ha, ha--!"

Phew! All this noise! They have been carrying on the last hour and a half! And these young uncles seem more interested in the electric train, than Ricky is!

Well, I remember the same thing happened in Toronto,



Canada, last year when Bill Eckel Jr. gave a good electric train to his son. That train even smoked and made a noise like a real "chu-chu train." But after a while the train began to have a little trouble in starting. Sometimes it took off easily, but other times it didn't move at all. The Brother Bill took his suit coat off, pulled up his white shirt sleeves, and became an electric train mechanic. I still remember his serious expression and his son's anxious little face.

These two faces made me homesick a little. My own father, I remember so clearly, made the same face when I first got my electric train in Tokyo, Japan, fifteen years ago.



## INFINITY

Infinity is the number of questions a small boy can ask. It is also the depth of a little girl's blue eyes.

Infinity is the number of laughs you had at a good party. It's the stars at night and the sun's rays at dawn. It's the feeling you have on a warm June night or a crisp January eve. Or rather it's your feeling about these remembrances.

Infinity is the number of days before you can ride your first two-wheeler. And then it's the time till your first date. And then it's that ever-changing period till you grow up at sixteen. And then it's that exasperating period till the world finally realizes when you are twenty-one that you are grown up.

Infinity is the number of times you look at her before you dare to speak. It's the way she has about her. It's the number of words you say to her. It is the amount of money you want to spend on her. It is the amount of love you will give her before you get married. Infinity is the number of times your heart beats before you go on that big date, and it is also the number of times your heart skips a beat while you are on that date. Or rather it is your feeling about these remembrances.

Infinity is the number of times you have worked hard and sweat and got tired and worked more and got more tired. And it is also the number of times you wished you could go to the beach instead of the shop. Infinity is the number of times you have banged your thumb or run





into a door in the dark.

Infinity is the number of times you wanted to swing hard and smash the ball out of the park. It's the number of times you have re-hit a final winning home run. Or rather it is the way your imagination plays about these remembrances.

Infinity is the limit of your faith in childhood and the goal of your faith in adulthood. Infinity is the measure of your love to your parents, your God, or your work; the measure of your hate of wrong, disease, and hate.

Infinity is the depth of God's mind, the breadth of His love, and the height of His mercy. It is the length of His arm to save, His arm to uphold, and His arm to carry through. Infinity is the limit to God's grace, yet the reason why there is no limit to His grace. Infinity is the number of times we have fallen and the number of times He has picked us up.

To you infinity was the number of toes you had as a baby and to your parents it was the size of your shoes as a growing boy.

To you infinity is the time spent thinking on a tree stump by a brook in a forest filled with sun and shadows and dark and birds, squirrels, and ants.

To you infinity is a length of time, a depth of thought, a height of glory; or it is the way you feel about these things. What infinity is to you may not be infinity to me. Your feeling or my feeling, infinity is the feeling that lies too deep for words.

*Lowell H. Hall, II*



## YOUR LIFE STORY

Every day you are writing your own life story!

What have you done today? Has it been good?

Evil? What have you accomplished? Much? Nothing?

Today is part of your life story.

We have all heard of Boswell's Life of Samuel Johnson.

Who actually wrote the life of Samuel Johnson? Boswell

only recorded on paper the events of Johnson's life.

It was actually Johnson himself who actually wrote the story.

Recall the events of today and see what you have done. You have eaten three meals, slept eight hours, attended three or four classes, and perhaps studied for a few hours. Will all this give you success and satisfaction? If not, what can you do about it? Each day do your utmost to accomplish that which will contribute to the realization of your life's main objective.

But what is the main objective of your life? You might say, "To have an assurance of eternal life". The best way to have this assurance is to be doing what you think is right in the sight of the Lord of the Universe.

How often dare you say? "This now is life. I am happy feeling the joy of existence. I am expressing my inner self completely."

Or is your life always a tomorrow, with here and there bitter dashes of yesterday?

*Dave  
Qualls*



## WINTER WONDERLAND

Most people think of winter as a season to dread. I wish to show the bright side of winter in the country.

Perhaps one reason why so many people dread winter is that they live in a crowded city where when it snows the traffic is slow and streets are slippery, the air is damp and things in general look dingy and dirty. If these same people were to see a small country farm nestled in a valley, surrounded by high, towering mountains, trees that were white with the sparkling snowflakes and houses looking peaceful with smoke spiraling into the cool, clear air of a winter day, they would not think of winter as a dreaded season but a season to be enjoyed.

Most of my life has been spent on a small farm in Northern Vermont. As I think back to times when we played in the snow and built snow houses and forts, I often wish that I could go back and do all these things again.

Perhaps I see things in a winter scene that other people do not see, but when I look out of a frosted window and survey a winter scene, I like to think that the snow that covers the earth is a blanket to keep the flowers warm during the cold winter months. When I see the snowflakes sparkling on the trees I think of them as stars, which, tired of being suspended in the heavens, have come down to earth for a brief stay.





Many times during my lifetime I have walked in the woods when the snow covered the ground. I like to watch the birds that are brave enough to stay here where it is cold when they could have flown south with the others. I like to watch for the tracks of the rabbits as they have run over the snow during the night or early morning, and many times I have wished that I could, like them, be able to run over the ground and not sink into the snow but always stay on top.

I remember several times when our school or church sponsored a sleigh ride. The beauty of a bright moon shining down on the whiteness of the ground made it sparkle as though the ground were covered with many bright and shining stars. I like to hear the thud of the horses' hoofs on the hard-packed snow, and the voices of happy children as they laugh and sing together.

Yes, there is much beauty in a winter scene in the country. There is a peacefulness that you do not find on the busy streets of a large city. You miss much of the beauty of life and much of the blessing of being able to live surrounded, not by man-made things, but by the wonders that God Himself created for His people. Truly the country is a Winter Wonderland.

*Mary Lou Wheeler*



## THE GRACE OF GOD

What do we mean when we say, "By the grace of God, I am going to accomplish such and such a task?" What does God mean when He says, "My grace is sufficient for thee?" Why couldn't He have said that His strength was sufficient, or His presence?

Grace goes beyond mere strength. Strength is but a part of the grace of God. His goodness is a part of His grace. His presence is a part of His grace.

When some people think of God, they think of a God of beauty. They see God in nature. They see God in the trees, in the grass, in the flowers. Yes, God is in all of these, but he is in other things as well. Some people see God in a mother and child. Painters who have caught the divine element in this scene have given us many variations of the "Madonna and Child". Yet God is more than this.

Grace is all that God has for us. Grace is God Himself. He gives us grace, by giving Himself to us. When the land is parched and dry, God gives us rain. When the night has been long, He gives us the sun. God made the world round, and put it into perpetual motion so that we might have day, and China might have day also.

God is a God who gives but never forces us to give in return. He gives us a week's wages, and doesn't take any of it back unless we give it to Him. He may



ask us for our tithe, but He will not force us to pay it.

God gives us a mind that we may think, but He does not make us use it. That is up to us. God gives to some of us talents to accomplish one or more of His tasks, and yet does no more than ask us to use them to His glory. God gives us a capacity for love, but does not make us love Him. He loves us, but does not force us to give Him our heart's devotion.

Grace is unmerited favor. Who is worthy to receive His grace? To an American, grace means one thing. To a man in Africa, grace takes on a different meaning. To a man in the Far East, grace may include another sphere of blessings. And yet basically, grace is all one thing when it emanates from one God.

Grace to me may mean liberty, freedom, and a democratic way of life. It may mean a home to live in, a church to attend, a car to drive, and some security. Grace to a man in China or Africa may mean only an opportunity to hear the way of salvation and to learn of Jesus Christ. His concept of grace may also imply the blessings of peace with other tribes or nations, or it may mean only to have enough food to live on. Grace is all this, but it is even more. Grace is all that God has for us. It reached its climax when God sent His own Son to redeem us. God, the Creator, giving Himself to His creation!

What Grace that is!

*Richard Murriner*





## WHY AM I FAT?

Every once in a while there is an E.N.C.

weightlifter who comes to me with some system of exercise or plan of weightlifting to reduce my flesh.

What do I want to reduce it for? It all feels good. And every time I lose weight I get neevish.

What's the matter with people, anyhow, that they make fun of fat folks? They are the salvation of the race. They keep humanity cheerful. Optimism is mostly a matter of a fatty tissue.

Fat people like to eat and drink. They don't have food fads. They enjoy breakfast, dinner, and supper. Sometimes they also sneak in a bite between. They are the kind of people mother likes to cook for and the rest of the family like to live with.

People with appetites are human. Human folk are those who make joys of life's necessities.

Must we eat? Fat people make eating a celebration. Must we drink? They adorn with song the drinking of draughts of coffee, tea, milk, soft drinks, and fruit juices.

It's your fat men that keep humanity from dying of dry rot. They are very quick to see any jokes. Fat men have the sources of humor in them. Some lean persons have been funny, but what would they have amounted to had there been no fat people to laugh at them? Your skinny ones take themselves too seriously. They are reformers and revolutionists, like Shakespeare's



"lean and hungry" Cassius whom Caesar feared.

Why do men admire slender women? They nag. Slim women are neat, orderly, everything-in-its place.

They are good housekeepers, meaning that they keep the house fit for everyone except husband and children.

Why do women admire slim men who have no girth? Such men are fit for treason. They beat their wives, if they are vulgar, and persecute them more subtly if they are cultured.

Take it from me, girls, pick out a nice, large, round, juicy man that likes to feed and whose conscience is not worry, marry him, and as the Good Book says, "Let your soul delight itself in fatness."

Besides, if everybody were fat there would be no war because it's the skinny men who fight.

David  
Qualls



## ON BEING SEVENTEEN

I am now seventeen years old and, therefore, feel qualified to expound on the subject.

At seventeen you are in between--sort of sitting on the fence, so to speak. On the one side is the childhood pasture where you have grazed all your life thus far under the watchful eye of parents and other grownups. On the other side you may run free and make your own important decisions. You earn and spend your own money. You come and go with few restrictions. A seventeen-year-old just can't wait to get over that dividing fence.

What makes the matter confusing is that your **par**ents try to push you across with one hand and hang onto you with the other. If they see you about to climb over they moan about losing their baby. But if you stay contentedly and just gaze at the other side, they worry about your being backward or timid and finally persuade themselves you have all kinds of complexes.

It has been my experience ~~that~~ the dividing fence is very tall and made of barbed-wire. You must either linger back a while or climb completely over. Just sitting for any length of time on barbed-wire can be awfully uncomfortable. On ~~the~~ other hand, attaining the other pasture is bound to leave you scratched and torn. The wires are close together--you cannot crawl under or between. The fence contains no gates. The only way across is over the top. Oh, how a seventeen-year-old longs for the other side!

For me, coming to E.N.C. was, somehow, reaching the





other side. Whether it will prove as green as it looked remains to be seen and, I feel, is mostly up to me. Still, I find there are many restrictions upon me. I guess life always has more restrictions and demands than show from a distance. Often I wish I were back home; but I'm not. This is one seventeen-year-old who has finally attained the other side of the fence: and now I must strive to make the most of the endless pasture that lies ahead.

*Marion Sanderson*



THROUGH THE GATES

- Ken Alcorn: XYZ'd...red tights..."Corruption --- debauchery".
- George Allen: Biology projects..."We grant although he had much wit, he was quiet in using it".
- Lois Altic: Good, hard worker...Supreme Market... "Letters from Abroad".
- Joyce Anderson: Smiles and tears...never a dull moment..."My gang".
- Dick Barcelo: Brave veteran...quiet...stutters in Spanish.
- Betty Bedell: Dave...preacher's kid...Zeta cheerleader..."What will I do?".
- Thelma Bergdoll: Guitar fan...scatterbrain..."She was so kind".
- Batuk Bhatt: "TUK"...clothes perspecacious..."Though no man agreed he would argue still".
- Dave Blachly: Dynamite in a small package...track man..."Not this week".
- Gene Blowers: Miami...rocket to the moon..."I hate women".
- Marion Boardman: Late hours..."17"... "Let's go eat".
- Fred Boden: Janet...Canadian ice hockey..."Why should he study or rack his brain"?
- Marie Bonner: Dugout Queen...neatness plus..."sweet personality."
- Nancy Borden: Lincoln's faithful..."Nance"... "health, peace and competence."
- Stan Bowers: a good friend..."Goody"... "Speech is great but silence is greater."
- Eunice Bown: Jolly...dependable...waitress.
- Amy Brown: helping hand...game for fun..."meesa misa".
- Dave Burley: Doretta...Mansion hillbilly..."Whut brut it about?"



Edward Cairns: West. Civ...courteous..."When Irish eyes are smiling."

Marjorie Chapman: lovesable...early to bed...runs the Mangle.

Les Chilton: Shirley...'56 Merc....Magnanimous.

Barbara Clingerman: Good testimony...soap operas...  
"The larger heart, the kinder hand."

Joanne Constantino: Delta cheerleader...radio program..."Can't wait to get home."

Bill Couchenour: No coffee on Sunday...Coffee..."Awake, arise or be forever fallen!"

Colin Daniels: Intelligent...lazy...scholarly..."Flubby".

John Dickson: Shirley...preacher?... "Day-Old Doughnuts."

Bob Edwards: "Boy that Army!"..."My wife"..."I have some opinions of my own."

Barbara Ellwood: Bass drummer...Merle...originality.

Janice Emerson: Sigma cheerleader...sings..."She walks in beauty."

Ted Esselstyn: Tradition at E.I.C., A's.... "Scintillate scintillate globule vivar."

Al Everton: Princess...preacher..."How's it go, brother?"

Janice Ezold: Ellie's girl..."Pert and Pretty".

Merle Fetter: Early to rise...Bears..."Conquer we shall, but we must first contend".

Tom Fowler: Clarinet...snores?... "Cute little nose and front teeth".

Donna Frye: Dramatics...smock and oil paint..."Do you want to eat this gravy or wear it?"

Scott Fuller: Capital Market...speak up, Scot..."Oh what a blonde(?)".

Bob Garland: Basso...veep...Vermont..."Also God-guided."

Gindy Gilchrist: Trussed girl...kind to all..."If I had another brain it would be lonesome."

Wally Gorman: Hillbilly...missionary to India..."There is music in his foot as he comes up the stairs."





Sarkis Hadjian: "Sarko"... "Blessings on him who  
invented sleep"... good sense of humor

Lowell Hall: "Character is the foundation of all worth-  
while success"... Dean's List... our editor

Don Hammer: "Sincerity and truth are the basis of  
every virtue"... future chemist...  
conscientious worker

Ken Hardy: congenial... Canada... "God save the Queen"

Betty Harris: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever"...  
Zeta... Student Council Representative

Nancy Haslett: plies the needle... contagious laughter...  
"Buckeye"... loyal Sigma... "3654"

Mary Hatcher: "A true friend is forever a friend"...  
benders, benders... third floor riot

Ken Hedrick: Delta's ace pitcher... "Gentle words and  
resolute actions"... good-natured

Bob Henck: bloomin'... my "roomie"... Mansion moderator

Gerry Hilyard: "A cheerful face"... French whiz...  
blushes easily

Marsha Hunter: "A helping hand makes friends easily"...  
songs to the Lord... pleasant

Dave Hutchinson: "More authority, dear boy, name  
more"... Kappa star basketball player

Larry Hybertson: Beverly... "He that hath knowledge  
spareth his words"... Honor student

Jim Jones: "Life is to be fortified by many friendships"  
Jonsie... everyone's friend

Tom Jones: "Talent is power; tact is skill"... Singing  
along... witty



Floris Landers: "Nothing is so strong as gentleness"  
...how long are the braids?...says  
little and means it...waitress

Elaine Lavin: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning  
of wisdom"...singing...Boston Chapel

David Lewis: "We can do nothing well without joy"...  
devoted Christian...A Capella soprano

Esther Long: efficient waitress...long pretty hair  
... "Everything by starts, and nothing  
Long"

Danny Lupton: Route #18, Copley...back in Ohio...  
"Good nature is stronger than  
tomahawks"

Dee McPherson: Ronnie...Honor student..."Her quiet-  
ness made her many friends"

Orville Mason: "Ace"...Elaine..."Every day is a  
holiday"...enthusiastic

Elaine Mellinger: "Her ways are ways of pleasant-  
ness"...collegiate...dry wit...Cal

Dick Merriner: "Soda jerk"...conscientious..."To be  
amiable is to be satisfied with one's  
self and others"

Marvin Milbury: "All things through Christ"...hearty  
singer...red hair

Yvonne Moreland: Warner..."Love is friendship set to  
music"...one o'clock lunch



Gloria Ricketts: Gene...Delta cheerleader..."The radiant bloom of youth"

Ethel Rowe: sincere Christian... alert..."Cheerfulness is the friend of Grace"

Jane Scheer: the other turn...sleepy-head..."May I be so bold as to know why you never answer your bell"???

Ruth Schwanke: Bill...sweet soprano voice..."A soft answer turns away wrath"

Paul Schwartz: with a smile ...collegiate...quartet..."When I think of talking, it is of course with a woman"

Lorraine Schoemaker: friendly...pianist..."Laughter is a most healthful exertion"

Janet Sipes: "Freddie, my boy"...picture hats...full of life...Kappa cheerleader

Paul Snell: "Dutch"..greenhouse crew..."Good is better than evil because it's nicer"

Bill Snow: Jeannie...local yokel..."Wise men talk because they have something to say"

Arlene Snyder: Dave...soda pop and chips(through the window)..."There is nothing half as sweet in life as love's young dream"

Esther Sova: Gerry...y'all...Kappa cheerleader..."I chatter as I go"

Elwood Speakman: Kay..."Woodie"... "That's All"

Warner Stanford: "Vonny"...Dr. Gould..."A careless song"

Bill Taylor: sharpshooter...Chevy...likes the girls

Eugene Tiah: friendly foreigner..."Strength alone knows conflict"





Arthur Morgan: Physical Science...very quiet

Melvin Mosgrove: "Junior"...my Ohio..."I will never  
wed a wife"

Jewell Mote: "Howie"... "Variety is the soice of life"...  
a smile for all

Chuck Novy: "It is better to wear out than to rust out"  
steel mills...my guitar

Cliff Patnode: Basso...tall, dark, and then-some...  
"His voice attention still as midnight  
draws"

Lowell Patterson: Royallaires..."squeaky"... "Now, in the  
Navy"...

Cal Poole: Elaine...printer's apprentice... "easy to  
smile, quick to make friends, and nice to  
know"

Dave Poole: June...honor student...a collegiat P.K.

Isabelle Prest: "Isay"...engaged..."The only way to have  
a friend is to be one"

Dave Qualls: Betty...deen thinker from Florida..."life  
is one long process of getting tired"

Barbara Ramstead: neat...contagious giggle..."Deadly is  
the female"

Lo Rae Reed: good sport...Acapella alto..."Friendship  
how rare"

Stan Rice: weight lifter...army experiences..."No  
thoroughly occupied man was ever to get very  
miserable"

Everett Richardson: industrious...scholarship winner...  
"Yes', they are good boys"



Allen Torsey: future D.J....mimic..."Live your own life  
for you must die your own death"

Betty Usher: "Rosie"...athletic...pretty eyes...  
"Sincerity is the basis of every virtue"

Pattie Van Skiver: blondie...petite Dutchman..."She has  
that patience that may compass  
anything"

Dave Wayman: Supreme..."A Christian is the highest  
style of man"

Sylvia Wayman: most talented...Prof. Span's helper...  
"All her paths are peace"

Tom Weaver: NYPS usher...friendly...."I believe in  
work"

John Weslow : Math major...south of the Mason-Dixon...  
"Draw your own conclusions, Mac"

Jay Wessel: famous grin...U.S.army..."A merry heart  
maketh a cheerful countenance"

Mary Lou Wheeler: service to Munro...switch board...  
"I have no secret to success but  
hard work"

Sandra Whelpley: Ed...future dental technician..."Her  
eyes speak, 'Y'all come!'"

Priscilla Whitehead: Southern belle...showers!!....  
Kappa cheerleader

Ray Wooster: Freshman scholarship...Pretzel and Art...  
tutorial brain

Art Yacubian: Black Chevy Coupe..."Rome wasn't built  
in a day"

Bertha Yager: Scholarship...nice to know..."The love  
of study"



Joyce Zurcher: tall and slender...Sopranist..."Music  
wakes the soul and lifts it high"

Ted Denoyan: morning devotions...polite..."Happy is  
the man who findeth wisdom"

Shirley Dillon: Lester...Big "Rock" candy mountain

Bob Schiedly: humorous...ping pong..."The Greeks had  
a word for it"





## SWINGING ON THE GATE

One E. N. C. waitress to another: "Oh, I just adore my job. It's the work I hate."

A preacher was holding a baptismal service in the winter. He had cut a hole in the ice just big enough to put a person through. Finally, he came to a rather large lady. He dipped her down and accidentally let go of her. After feeling around in the icy water to no avail, he lifted his arms toward Heaven and said, "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away. Pass along another Christian."

An E. N. C. fiance' to a girl looking at ring -- "If you think that one is small, you should should have seen the one I could afford."

Two theology students were sitting side by side in class. The two usually had the same answers for the questions and usually got about the same mark on tests. However, on one test, one got 100% but the other got 'O'. The one who got 'O' asked the Prof. why. The Prof. answered, "All of your answers were the same except for the last one. This question was: "Do you believe it?" The other boy got 100% because he said, "No." You got a 'O' because you said, "I don't believe it either."

A preacher who had rehearsed his sermon quite a few times, got stuck while preaching on the phrase "Behold, I will come." His mind went blank, so he repeated the phrase three times. Just as he finished saying, "Behold I will come," the third time the pulpit



gave way, and he fell into the lap of one lady. He began mumbling apologies, when she cut him short.

"Never mind, she said, You warned me three times."

A little girl, after returning home from church, was asked by her mother, "What did the preacher speak on?"

"Your going to get your guilt," replied the little girl.

"What?", said her mother. "Susie, your lying again. I'm going to call the preacher." So she called the preacher and ask him what his sermon topic was. He said, "Why, Mrs. Jones, my topic was, "The Comforter will come."

A little girl was sitting at the table with her parents. On the condition that she behave. Half way through the meal, her mother made her return to her own small play table, because of her misbehavior. After the little girl got settled, she prayed this prayer. "Bless this food O Lord, in the presence of mine enemies."

A father to his college student son: "Well, young man, how are your marks at college?"

Son: "Under water."

Father: "What do you mean, under water?"

Son: "Below 'C' level."



Prof. Goodnow- "Let us now pray before we take up class."

Prof. Naylor- "I don't know whether I can do that problem or not. It's very difficult.  
---Now, that wasn't very hard, was it.  
--That's free of charge."

Prof. Delp- "Schreiben sie" "Das ist alles" "Huh uh"  
"So to speak"

Doctor Mann- "B.A.I.K." "Now we'll have the faculty announcements."

Prof. Babcock- "The basic underlying fundamental principle involved here is: If in doubt, don't pull it out."

Dr. Maybury- "That is no very important. Can anyone in the class answer it anyway?  
We'll get around to that later."

Prof. Blaney to Prof. Spangenburg, "I don't understand how in the world God could make you women so sweet and yet so dumb."

Prof. Spangenburg answered, "God made us sweet so that you men could love us, and made us dumb so that we could love you."

Dr. Akers- "Will someone lead us in prayer?"--- "Queen Victoria's turning Kaiser Wilhelm over her knee and spanking him was, of course, the immediate and basic cause of the first world war."

Prof. Cove- "There are still a few symphony tickets left."

Mrs. Hiller- "Good-night, boys!"

Mrs. Williamson- "I may be smiling, but I mean it."

Prof. Jessop- "Just give a brief, simple answer."

Doctor Rothwell- "There will be a meeting of the Meistersingers today."





BEST LOOKING



BETTY HARRIS



DICK MAURITSEN





BETTY HARRIS

JAY WESSEL

MOST FRIENDLY







MOST LIKELY TO  
SUCCEED



BERTHA YAGER  
LOWELL HALL





BEST ALL ROUND



BETTY HARRIS

FRED EODEN



MOST TALENTED



SYLVIE MAYHEW

WALLY GORMAN





BERTHA YAGER  
TED ESSELSTYN

MOST STUDIOUS









BETTY USHER  
DAVE HUTCHINSON

MOST ATHLETIC







HARDEST WORKING



BARB PATTERSON

LARRY EYBARTSON



MOST COLLEGIATE



PRISCILLA WHITEHEAD

DAVE POOLE





MOST LIKELY TO GET  
MARRIED FIRST

ARLENE SNYDER  
JOHN DICKSON









BENDER KIDS



MARY HATCHER  
HAVE QUALLS



MOST HUMOROUS



DONNA FRYE



KEN ALCORN



# FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS



BOB GARLAND                      FRED BODEN  
JIM JONES      LARRY HYBERTSON  
SYLVIA WAXMAN

## DEBATERS



LOWELI HALL      DAVE HUTCHINSON





FRESHMAN SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS



LOWELL FALL      LARRY HYBERTSON  
CINDA GILCHRIST      PERTHA YAGER



RAY WOOSTER      TED SSELSTYNN  
EVERETT RICHARDSON      DAVE POOLE  
(NOT PICTURED)





FRESHMAN ALL STARS



FRED BODEN JIM JONES DAVE HUTCHINSON BETTY USHER



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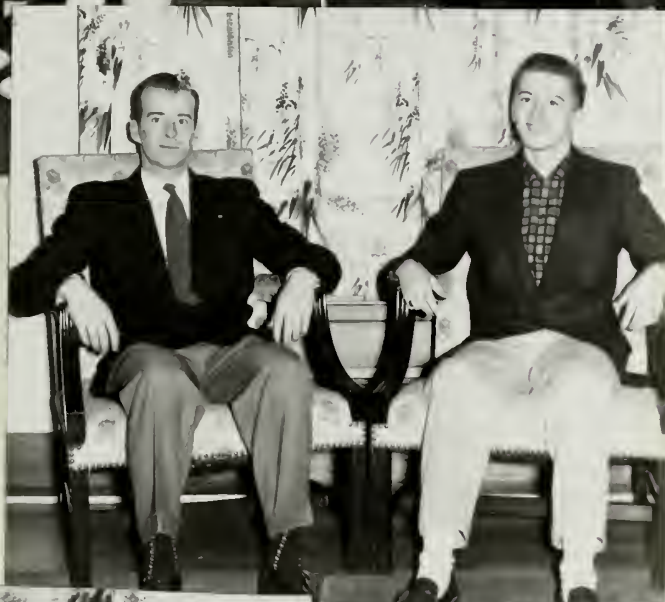


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SPORTS EDITORS JOYCE ZURCHER  
ED SIMS







We, as freshmen, on entering these portals found many new experiences. We bequeath unto those who follow us the fresh, eager curiosity of a freshman trying to rise higher on the scholastic ladder. We have passed through "the room of many doors", and have learned to weigh decisions carefully. We have learned, in this our first year, to be independent in thought and in approach to the many complexities of life; yet we were still dependent on those who have passed before. Many shall pass through these gates that we have passed through, and we shall pass through many gates that others before us have passed through, but in the final analysis and judgment we desire to pass through the gates of pearl.





















